DFP

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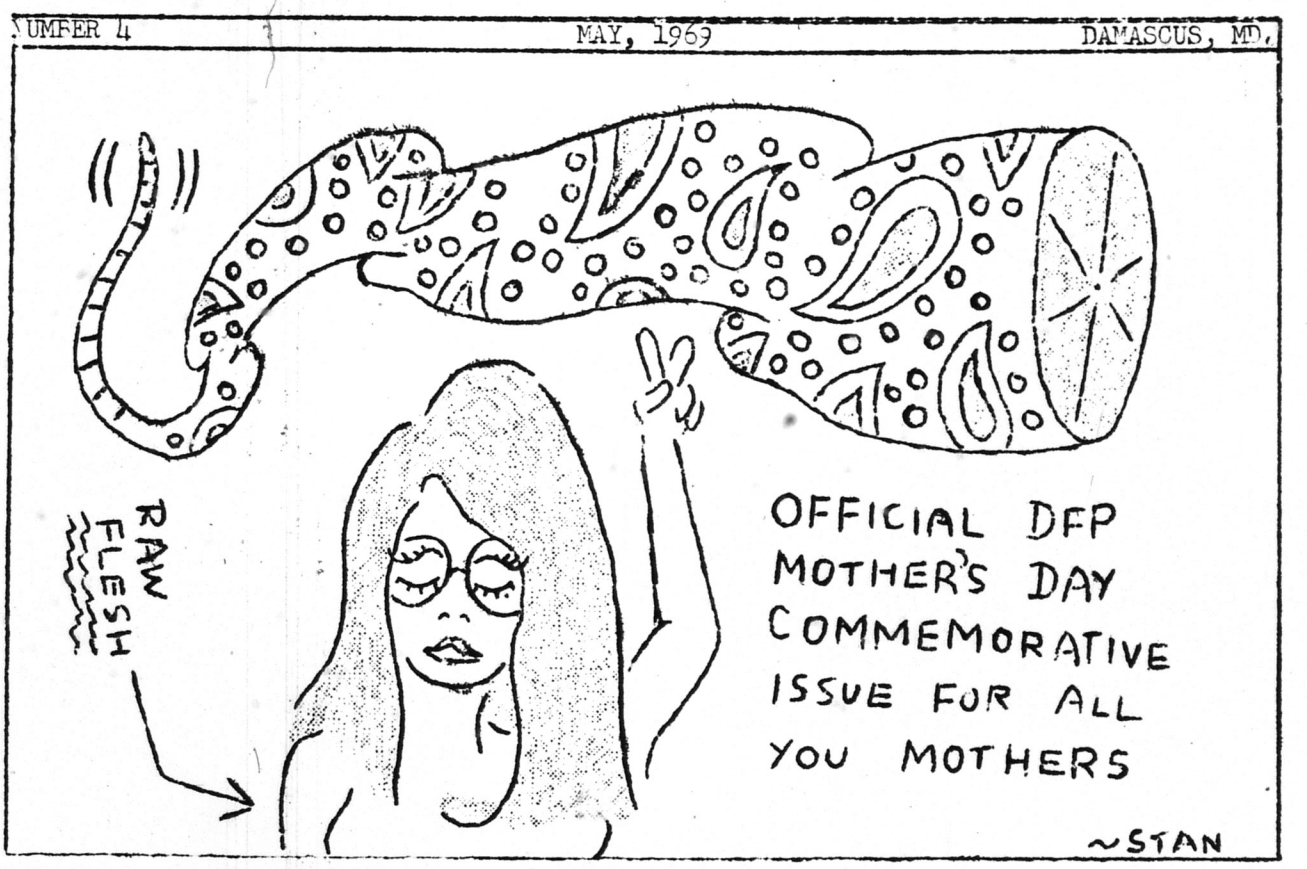
UMFER 4 MAY, 1969 DAMASCUS, MD.



damascus free press
24524 fossen street
damascus, md. 20750

the readers strike back!

B A C K T A L K

Suggestions

Come on, gang, why don't you get some good poetry in this paper. Let's cut out all of these rinky-dink stories! I thought your second issue was really great! But your first and third were pretty bad!

Barry Eagle

Indianapolis, Ind.

Zat so! -B.C.

Damascus,

I have received Damascus Free Press #3 and thought it was very good. Although I had already bought the album, I thought your review of the Blood, Sweat and Tears album was very good and proved to be very true of the album. I thought "The Rediscovery of the Jelly Bean," by Tassey, was excellent, and the same with "clean dream number one." With added features like Letters and Unclassifieds, Damascus Free Press is a paper that should be around for a while to go. Congratulations.

Sincerely,
Roy Harper

Colts Neck, N. J.

To D. F. P.,

I think that yours is constructive criticism, which is needed more than filthy criticism and generally bad thoughts. A person or paper does not have to impress a thought on others by using vulgarity. There is a limit.

Congratulations on bringing peace into my life, which was needed after reading the mess that's fed to us around here.

Bobby Winkler

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Friends,

The DFP is getting better with each passing issue. My only hope is that it doesn't die from lack of funds or interest...I retract my statement on Stan Matis (which appeared in a letter of hers which we printed last issue -Ed.); "Is Stan Matis a sadist?" I just didn't get his work in the February issue, but his poem in the past issue was wonderful . . . If the DFP can continue to reflect the thoughts of many and retain its individuality, then at long last we may have a decent paper to read. With all the radicalism and non-art being pushed today on youth, it is refreshing to be able to read such an endeavour as DFP. May your future issues be as full of beauty, thought and care as this past month's (March, 1969), and you will live until Eternity takes us all by the hand to The End.

Peace,
Sharon J. Ensley

Baltimore, Md.

Damascus Brothers of Peace,

To Stan Matis; and when we wake up to the truth the world will be empty except for burning skies. I am in endless love for your thoughts and your words. So much of the real, ugly world is in your "clean dream number one." It's surprising to me how you seem so wildly funny on the front and the back shows a meaning of saddenned truth. Stan, you are saying on the back side what I feel on the inside. (Whose back side? -B.C.) Don't stop, please. Tell it like it is.

Dick Simone's "A Treatise on Children" was very lovely. I am one who will still be a child, by choice, when I die.

"Intrepid September;" c. lawless, was wierd in a funny, wild sort of way. I laughed!

"Darkness," by Stanley Gorski, Jr., left me hanging somewhere but I forgot where . . .

"All Men Will Be Sailors Then," by Richard Wirick, woke me up to the type of man I admire. I never realized how strong his mind was until now.

This man I have to respect, if for nothing else than because he was a Negro, but even so a human being and at that one that was put through hell by the so-called good people.

Bless Roger W. Miller for his "very much alive and well and playing like hell." I'm afraid I wasn't on to Blood, Sweat and Tears until after the almighty Al Kooper. I'm beginning to think I missed something somewhere.

Yes, yes . . . I did enjoy your March thing. Bless whomsoever thought of it in the first place. It's really great!

Remember, Jude will still love you when the world puts you down.

Yes, Have Faith!
Jude

Childersburg, Ala.

Dear Gary,

Ia speek to ya with a heva heart. I cannot rite to ya 'cause I have to do ma own thing. But all my days I'll sing the praise of the Damascus Free Press. I do most better on the git*ter*. I will be singing 'bout you and your noble Friends, Romans and Coun*trymen.

*guitar (square!)

Luv,
Terry Covais

Middletown, N.J.

Gary, Brian, Carol and other people;

Just got DFP #3 the other day and --- Wow! That's all there is to de*scribe it. Man, for 15¢ you cats are giving a lot to read. It's really great. You people have done nothing but improve, issue by issue. Please, by all means, keep up the good work and good luck going offset. That would be really great.

I really dug Tassey's "The Redis*covery of the Jelly Bean" and Stan Matis' and Crista Carr's poetry. "In*trepid September," by c. lawless was really something fantastic, too. Let's see more os these people and more like 'em, OK?

Fight for Freedom,
Rochester Van Myer

Topeka, Kan.

LIBERATED SPACE (what's a radical paper without liberated space?)

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Press Run - 500

The Gang - Mike Barker, Brian Cobb, Gary Cobb, Laura Cobb, Carol Steele, Mary Beth Van Petten

Contributers - Terri Anne Birk, George Bunsfield, Karen Farabaugh, Lewis Calvin Goodman, Moonyean Grosch, Marilyn Levenson, Stan Matis, Tom McGovern, Roger W. Miller, Thomas Parry, Paula Reisenwitz, Robyn Lee Scarchilli, Richard Wirick, Steve Wright

alternatives

GUN CONTROL

Traditionally, when a government grows out of touch with its people and becomes undeomocratic, the first thing it does is disarm its own people. For without weapons the people are unable to defend themselves against tyranny - whether from an outside source or their own government. That's why the provision is in the Cinstitution that the citizens have the right to keep and bear arms. The revolutionaries who fought for our independence from Brit* ain knew quite well that the people's own government could sometimes become the people's worst enemy. The fight for freedom and a decent way of life in this country hasn't always been nice and peaceful. The rich and power* ful seldom give up their power grace* fully to help the masses of people. Think about the American Revolution, the Civil War, and the long struggle of working people and labor unions for a decent life.

These gun control laws are going to take away our individual liberties and contribute to the present growth of big government. They will create a* nother government bureaucracy - as if there aren't too many already - with more rules and regulations and the power to snoop into our private lives. And gun control certainly isn't going to accomplish anything we are told it will accomplish. Gun control won't disarm any criminals. If someone wants to use a gun to commit a crime, it won't stop him by making it another crime to have the gun in the first place.

And gun control won't stop much violence as many weel-meaning people seem to think. It won't disarm either the police or the armed forces, who are two of the greatest causes of vio* lence in the world - take for example Vietnam or the police riot in Chicago. (We should never forget to look behind all the words to find out why some people really support gun control. A* merican gun makers recently supported a bill which banned the interstate sale of guns. Why? Because most guns sold by mail were cheap imported weap* ons. With them out of the way the A* merican companies get bigger profits. Police support gun control (and in Lancaster even request it) because they know that eventually, when they go out and beat people over the head and enforce all the oppressive laws being passed by the politicians and bureaucrats, someone is going to start shooting back.)

Specifically here in Lancaster, the city council is trying to pass a gun law that would make it illegal to carry a gun on the streets of Lancast* er. If you had a gun with you you could be stopped by police and arrest* ed, unless you could prove that you had a good reason for carrying a gun (that is going to or from hunting). In other words, with this law you are guilty until proven innocent. The com* plete opposite from the way the laws are supposed to be in this country - you are innocent until proven guilty.

Already in Lancaster we have a gun law that forbid firing a gun in the city. If you defend yourself when attacked by using a gun you could be arrested for it. Sound far out? Well, it's not. I know of two people who were attacked by two men with knives. To defend themselves they fought back. One evn had to go to the hospital to get a cut on his arm stiched up. But when the police came, the two who were trying to defend themselves were ar* rested for disorderly conduct.

Gun control must be stopped. Ev* eryone must tell their friends and neighbors and we must all get together to stop these laws. When we have e* nough people organized we will have a movement that can force the politici* ans to not pass these laws and to re* peal the ones already on the books. Together we stand, but divided we will surely fail.

by the Fierce Rabbit

A RADICAL SOLUTION TO SINGLE FAMILY LIVING

The radical left movement has long protested the existing economy, and has assumed the responsibility of continually seeking a better solution to contemporary conditions. A basic change in life-style is the most obvious method of attacking the bond to the established quagmire. Communal living has proved to be a successful alternative to the single family unit, and has provided valuable resources to the movement.

Living in single family units, the establishment has us right where they want us. We are urged to be economically independent from each other, encouraged to be possessive of our material assets in every way, encouraged to believe that we cannot trust our brothers to care about us and that we should therefore not care about them. The media leads us to believe that only consuming more products will relieve us of the constant pressures we feel in this pppressive society by showing us that happy, fullfilled people are their product. If we are frustrated and unhappy, the blame must lie within ourselves and we must not reveal ourselves too closely to others. We must mistrust other's interest in our personal lives as a direct threat to our self-reliance. We are, therefore, forced to compete with each other constatnly - for the most beautiful body, the nicest home, the best stereo tape recorder, the latest gadgets on the market, even for the most "well-adjusted" children.

We can refuse to be pigeonholed by society into sub-human existence through communal living. We can begin by making physical existence less expensive. Group living begins by sharing the largest expense of all, the house. If ten people share a house payment of $200/month, each person only pays $20/month as rent. As each person saves money he could well use for something else, he also denies the establishment that amount of support. This holds true for all the other things within a commune: the appliances, furniture, the radios and TVs, the utilities.

Because communal living costs less, each person is set free from the economic necessity of working at a dull, frustrating job because he can't afford to take one that pays less. He is also free to work part time if he wants more time for other activities, or is free not to work at all if there is the need. Housecleaning, yardwork, and general maintenance are much less time-consuming and burdensome when the responsibilities are shared. The aspect of substantially increased free time is doubly important to the movement because of all the things that need to be done but are now being done by just a few people. Communal living would give those already deeply involved some time to themselves, and would give others time to become more involved. Related to this is the aspect of group living as an educational tool. One is exposed to a much more diverse store of knowledge than in a nuclear family situation. This is mentally stimulating and enjoyable, and especially helpful to the movement when ideas of radical change are shared.

In a communal set-up there is a great emphasis on human relationships. This pushes the value of consumer products even lower than it already is in many of our minds. Human relationships can also become much more satisfying when those in the group are honest about their feelings towards themselves and towards each other. There is new perspective put on relationships when members of a group share their observations and feelings about those relationships. The deeper and more important human relationships become to an individual, the less he cares or even thinks about being a consumer and loyally supporting the market. This puts us exactly where the establishment does not want us. And a very important place for us to be.

-Liz Hammond

both articles reprinted with permission from the lancaster (pa.) free press

I N C O N S I S T E N T R E A L I T Y

My name and who I am are completly obscure. My friends are few and very distant.

To all who view my passing, I appear to be another drop of rain in the storm.

The walls of my stomach bleed.

The clue of brotherhood is well hiffen and talked into complete boredom. Who wants to practice something that has become so casual and controversial? It reminds me of the most well-used toilet in New York. Of course, being the sadists that we are, we'll all go raving right on down the gay brick road about it, won't we?

Do people ever shut their mouths in silence? I think so, only to stare at the junkman's horse vomiting on the sidewalk.

Sex is another thing that we are aware of. Is the junkman's horse male or female?

After dark, the street lights come on to illuminate the driveways for the husbands who come home late. They're so damned drunk and beat out that they can't see the dark, let slone the light. How wasteful can the damn city power commission get? They'll throw the whole country into oblivion. But, they won't stop, because they get home too late and they're hung over in the morning.

I was asked to empty the garbage this morning. I laughed through ninety minutes of commercials before I smashed the T. V. all to hell in the trash burner. Wow, I must say that was more crap than any herd of garbage men could ever attempt to disgard!

I went to one party where the house must have had forty-three lamps and only three rooms. God, the light in that house could have blinded a priest to hell and back.

I can't stand Western's anymore. Most of my friends ride the range all day as it is. They face like Cowboys at dawn. Cowboys also collect a lot of dust from old Indians.

We all feel cheap if we forget to tip the waitress; yet, when you come in to order, the waitress thinks you're cheap and you eat like a slob.

Has your wife ever bought a dress and asked you how it looked and you said 'great.' I'll bet you would like to have said, "That rag looks like hell on you," but you didn't because you live with the woman on weekends.

Boy, I'll bet my Cowboy friends are having a great time without me. I know damn well they can't have any laughs when I'm around.

-Nicholas Lewis

TEXAS AT WAR AGAIN

Young Texas citiaens continue to drop dead at the hands of the Vietcong, fighting for their country in South Vietnam. With all proper courtesy to the discrimination practiced by Texas draft boards, we feel we must say to the hand picked who represent the good Texas-Baptist-WASP way of life at war in Vietnam:

"Gracias y hasta la vista"

-HOMESICK BLUE, Corpus Christi, Texas

DRIFTWOOD

I'm standing in an ocean
It swirls around
pulling me down.

At this moment the sea is calm enough.
But pretty soon the wind will howl;
blowing and shrieking,
the sea will be Rough.

The ocean's getting deeper
I cannot stop the tide.
It comes so far, then I will drown.
There's no way I can hide.

The wind is blowing harder now
and whitecaps mark the sea.
The water is almost to my knees.

Will no one drown with me?

-Melissa Milford

THE SNITS OF JUSTINE
(pull them snits, part one)

Justine Bascom never wore no clothes. She'd run around town buck naked, and stop in front of the malt shop, right where all the guys hung out, and scratch her buttocks. She'd smile at them and purr, "I bet ya'll wish you could scratch my buttocks." Then she'd laugh and walk on.

One night, while walking home, Justine was attacked and murdered. When they found her corpse the follow-day, they noticed that her assailant had scratched her buttocks something fierce. So the cops went looking around town to see who had buttock flesh 'neath their fingernails.

When they came to Ray Pump's house, they noticed a great deal amiss. Ray's fingernails had recently been shorn off, and the house smelled of fresh buttock flesh. They arrested Ray, informed him of his rights, locked him up, and threw away the key.

Every night, in his sleep, Ray would scratch the walls of his cell. When the date of his trial finally arrived, Judge Mack asked him where He'd been on the night of the crime. Ray said he'd been home scratching the walls. Judge Mack asked why the house smelled of buttock flesh, and Ray said he'd been burning Essence of Buttock incense. Judge Mack regained his composure and sentenced Ray to hang until dead, and then some.

'Long about the third night after the execution, Ray was hanging there scratching the air when a UPI photographer happened by and made a big deal about it; reporters, correspondents, hell, even a Congressional inquiry. They said it was muscle spasms, delayed reflexes, but those of us who know better know better. It's the ghost of Justine.

This town is full of scratch these days.

-Stan Matis

UNCLASSIFIED

GREEN GROAD MAGAZINE has lowered its price! They said it wouldn't be done and we did it! NOW, a sample copy of GG is available to you for the small sum of 20¢. 6 issues are $1.00 and twelve are $2.00. Send to: THE GROAD PRESS, P.O. Box 4251, gage center station, topeka, ks. 66604.

FOR GARY WITHEM

Where does the sun come from
That the days must be sunny
When love has gone?
A field full of flowers, so yellow and new
Waiting for the sun's embrace
The way I wait for you.
A meadowful of music, I desire to be taught
While in the warmth of your soul, I long to be wrought.
So sacred and so dedicated to your soul, am I abound
I shall wait in the calm of tomorrow's shadow
Until your spirit I have found.

Love, Laura

-174- N. Mountain Ave., Montclair, N.J.-

Any ideas on high school liberation? Help us! by sending your ideas to the Concord Area Concerned Students (CACS), c/o The Peace Center, Pleasant St., Concord, N.H. 03301. And if you write, send any and all manuscripts to THE CONCORD UNION LEADER, same address. Subscription by donation -- preferrably large.

"AMERICA - LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT" bumper sticker in day-glo, price - 1 @ $1.00, 2 @ $1.50. D. Litwak, 7 Bakeman, Fulton, N.Y. 13069.

YOUTH AND NATION - the organ of militant Socialist-Zionism, Arab-Israeli reconciliation, and the kibbutz movement in America, 5 issues for $1.25. Send to Hashomer Hatzair, YOUTH AND NATION, Room 709, 150 5th Ave., N.Y. N.Y. 10011.

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unclassified ad rates: 30¢ for the first 10 words or less and 1¢ for each additional word. For a poem-like ad, please ad 5¢ for each line of poetry.

Must get rid of old records and books, also some other items, and am putting them up for sale, at prices lower than any store's. For a complete list, send 15¢ postage and production (sent airmail on request). Tom McGovern, 1844 Riverdale St., West Springfield, Mass. 01089.

Anyone interested in signing a petition to try to get this warning placed on all policemen, "Caution: Police officers may be hazardous to your health," write to Steve Meyer, Box 361, Hurlock, Md. 21643.

High School media comes good at last. Yes, the NEW PENELOPE is now alive and publishing in the area with the third largest Birch Society in the nation. You can help keep us in the black by subscribing ($1.50 for ten issues: $2.50 for twenty) or just by buying a sample copy, 15¢. The New Penelope, Box 8473, Phoenix, Az. 85040.

Faith healing, attic salt - all in HOMESICK BLUE. For your free copy send 20¢ or other material contribution (except stamps) to HOMESICK BLUE, P.O. Box 8213, Corpus Christi, Dallas, Tx.

Love, Josh

Any newcomber to the Laughing Chimes (in the Cayves) please write as we may have something in common. Anyone wishing to share the universal communion of the minds write also. Love . . .
Pamn Mestler, 96 Devon Rd., Rochester, N.Y. 14619

U P S

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS SYNDICATE is an informal association of publications of the 'alternative press' and exists to facilitate communication among such papers and with the public. UPS members are free to use each others material. A list of UPS papers is available by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to UPS, Box 26, Village P. O. , New York, N. Y. 10014. A UPS directory containing ad rates, subscription prices and a great deal more is available for $". A sample packet of a dozen UPS papers is available for $4, and a Library Subscription to all papers (about 50) costs $50 for six months, $100 for one year. The above offers are available from UPS, Box 1603, Phoenix, Az. 85001.

Would-be members of UPS are requested to first send $25 membership fee and then ten consecutive issues of their publication to all members of UPS, after which time their membership will be granted automatically, assuming that a majority of the members have raised no objections.

I am lonely up here in the hills of central Pa. I am a professional artist, writer, of sorts, living in the midst of a tribe of hung-up people. I will write to anyone, especially females; A.P.S., R.D. 3, Box 256 Dillsburg, Pa. 17019.

INCENSE - $1.00 per box of 24 cones. We have ROSE - ROSEMARY - UNCROSSING - BENEFICIAL DREAM - and EXODUS. Order by name. CANDLES - $1.00 each. We have BLACK CAT ON HUMAN SKULL CANDLE - DOUBLE CROSS CANDLE - DISCIPLE OF THE DEVIL WITCH CANDLE - BLACK CAT CANDLE - and JESUS CHRIST HOLY ALTAR CANDLE. Order by name. Add 25¢ postage for orders under $2.00. Send to: THE GROAD PRESS, P.O. BOX 4251, gage center station, topeka, kansas. 66604.

If anyone knows where we can place a free ad, please write and tell us.
-The Editors.

In Disneyland there's a gigantic statue of Mickey Mouse:

he's wearing a Spiro Agnew wrist-watch.

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hullo! i read your advertisement, and i'd like to rent your apartment!

hmmm...you don't sleep with animals, do-you?

sleep with animals! you see, we had to evict the previous tenant; he was a turtle pervert! up all hours of the night, making love to his turtle!

i beg your pontoon! i don't what?

and the one before him was worse! he made it with his beagle! don't tell anyone, but...there were puppies by that union!

ye gods and goldfish! i never knew such men existed!

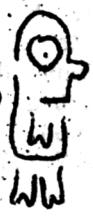
yes...it was tragic! we had to drown them, so that nobody would ever know! well, as you can see, the apartment has a long and sordid history of deviation! are you still interested?

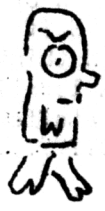
HORRORS!

well...all right.

fine! that'll be $140,- payable in advance. and remember: no relations with animals!!!

surely a bit of light necking with my hamster would be harmless...





stan matis, 1969